

Behind The Mask

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Summary: Michael Myers killed his sister when he was only 6 years old. What drove him to do it? What went on behind the mask, and behind those dark, evil eyes. Well, in this story, we go through the first 6 years that drove him to murder.

1. Evil Is Born

A/N: Hey guys, this story isn't a prequel to my current story *A Rose For Your Sorrows*, which you should totally read if you love Mikey! But I guess you COULD have it as a prequel..ANYWAYS.

It's just what the description says, this goes by the six years of Michaels life of how it all started, why and what led him to the murder of his sister. The story was inspired by a song I'd heard by Escape The Fate so I was like, 'Hey, Michael wears a mask and we'd all love to know what goes on inside his mind or behind closed doors, etc. etc.' So I decided to give it a shot and write!

By the way, Jill, the midwife, is the nurse in the first movie in the beginning, driving the car with Loomis. I don't know her name, but it kinda goes in with what I'm writing...

Reviews would be great guys! Any questions, suggestions, message or review/feedback me so I can get back to you ASAP.

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><p>Disclaimer: I do not own anything of the Halloween nor Michael Myers franchise, nor make any profit from it. I'm just here to write :D

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><p>"Push Deborah! Push! Just a little more!" Jill, the midwife in her first practical learning for her training, was assisting Dr James

Kyle to help Deborah Myers give birth to her second child.<p>

Deborah was screaming, shouting words of profanity, screeching like a bat, crying, bathed in sweat and gripping the side of the hospital bed for life as she pushed harder, until she heard a frantic cry of a baby and Jill gasped, not in shock, but in joy, silently congratulating Deborah while she carried out the new born of Deborah Myers as she wept happily as she embraced her new born child.

"Congratulations, Mrs Myers, it's a boy!" Dr Kyle exclaimed and Deborah looked at her son.

She stared at him, he was a bit pale, but heck, he was just born! He'd work up a good tan in the nice sun when spring left, bringing on the great American summer.

Today was October 19th, the birth day of the boy who would grow up to be Haddonfield's worst nightmare.

Deborah's husband came in after being called upon by the midwife, he rushed over, holding her hand and patting her back as he looked down at his beautiful son.

"What are we going to call him?" He asked her, smiling brightly at his new son.

"Michael Aubrey Myers. That's your name. Isn't he beautiful?" She asked, looking up at her husband as he was staring delightfully at his gorgeous new born, Michael.

"He looks just like you." He said, staring at him, Michael wasn't smiling, he had stopped crying, now he was silent, simply playing with his mothers fingers, observing his new surroundings, his new world, his family.

"He has your hair though, and your eyes, but they're much darker, almost black." She mentioned, the doctor looking around and writing down the birth certificate, signing his name and handing it to the happy new family.

"Where's Judith? Didn't she come?" Deborah asked and he frowned.

"Too busy with the world of chick magazines and her 'girl friends', " He replied in a fatherly voice and she sighed, her daughter, Judith, was 11 years old, little did she know, she would only live another 6 years until she'd meet her demise by her baby brother.

Jill stared at him, his dark eyes, so blackâ€¢the devils eyes, she thought. Her family being strong Catholics, devoted to Christ, contemplated and ranted on how the devil would only be noticed by his dark, evil eyes. It had felt like she'd just witnessed the birth of the devil re-incarnate.

Little did she know, she was right.

6 years from now, then another 15, would be the day that Michael Myers would be in Haddonfield on the night of October 31st, Hallows

Eve. On a blood hunt no one will EVER forget.

* * *

><p>The chapter was short, but it was intended to be short, you can't really write much when he's just a baby, so bear with me, chapters might or might not be longer since it's going to skip one year each so there will be only 6 or 7 chapters. Reviews please guys and chapter 2 shall arrive at a fan fiction near you!<p>

2. Chapter 2

"Happy Birthday Michael!" The family rejoiced as they all sat around the table and little baby Michael sat there in silence as he watched his family celebrate something he didn't quite understand at his age.

He stared, silently, they were all smiling and talking and when his mother came through with the cake, he stared at it. One single candle was on, it was a long blue one, the colour they thought was his favourite seeing as he seemed to complain about every other colour they tried making him wear.

Little did they know, blue would be the signature colour of his killing suit in future years.

And when his mother drew out the long, glinting knife that was brought down onto the cake to cut it, Michael was fascinated by it and couldn't help but stare with his big, dark eyes.

His head tilted as he tried crawling up onto the table towards itâ€¢ just tryingâ€¢ trying to touch it until his older sister dragged him back by the waist and grunted.

"Stupid Michael, sit down! Urghâ€¢ I HATE babiesâ€¢" She mumbled and Michael looked at her, tilting his head slightly but unaware of what she was saying, he continued to focus on the cake being passed around to everyone.

"Does the birthday boy want a piece?" His mother asked him, Michael didn't reply. Deborah frowned for a second but cut a small piece for him and mashed it up with the back of a spoon so she could feed him some when she'd finished hers.

"Who's my special little boy? You are!" Michaels father, John, cooed to him as Michael was swooped up from his chair and into the arms of his loving father, who smiled gently at him, but Michael seemed to just stare at him, blankly.

"Hey Judith, could you please feed Michael his cake I need to speak with dad," Deborah said and Judith groaned, taking Michael from her fathers grasp as they walked into the kitchen and Judith sat him down and fed him the cake lazily.

She glared at him and he just looked at her with the child innocence he contained still as a one-year-old sibling. She hated all the attention he was getting. She was still young, she was only 12 going on 13 and he was this stupid, insignificant and ugly thing to her that didn't deserve attention when he wasn't even cute! He didn't

even smile or giggle for Christ's sake!

"You think you're so cute, don't you?" She snapped, putting down the cake and crossing her arms, Michael simply cocked his head slightly and stared at her with his blank and innocent stare.

"Don't play dumb! I know you understand me. Mum and dad don't even love you; they think you're a freak! I think they should put you up for adoption, I mean, we obviously don't want you, you annoying thing!" She hissed and shoved Michael, making him lose balance and fall off the chair making a loud THUD!

"JUDITH! What are you doing to poor Michael?" Deborah screeched as she rushed over to Michael who wasn't even crying, his eyes were just wide open and blank as she picked him up and cradled him in her eyes.

"Go to your room Judith, NOW. You're grounded! No more seeing your friends or going out!" Her father bellowed and Judith got up and stomped her foot on the ground, tears dripping from her eyes.

"I hate you! All of you! Why is it always my fault? You ruin EVERYTHING Michael!" She screamed as she ran to her room and slammed the door and her parents returned their attention to Michael as a bruise started to form on his forehead and Deborah kissed his head and walked to her room to put him in his crib.

"There-there Michael, it's okay. Just get some rest and mommy and daddy will take care of mean old Judith, I love you Michael." She said as she turned the light off, leaving injured Michael in his crib, wide-awake, looking at the door close.

'Just get some rest and mommy and daddy will take care of mean old Judith.'

On the contraire, it would be **Michael **who'd be 'taking care' of mean old Judithâ€|

End
file.